

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
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LOS ANGLES
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Pleasing Toy.

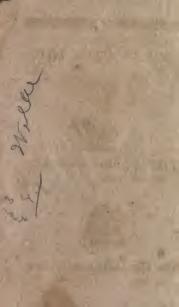


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1819.



A PLEASING TOY.



THE Squirrel leaps from tree to tree.



The Hive both hold the honey-bee.

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The pretty Butterfly is seen,



When Boys and Girls trip o'er the green.



The Owl until the evening sleeps.



The Serpent on his belly creeps.



The Lion roars, the woods resound.



The raging Bull tears up the ground.



The Raven for his food doth cry.



The Eagle soars exceeding high.



Old Dido does the partridge set;



While Jack and Billy spring the net.



While honest Robin drives his plough,



Betty she milks the brindled Cow.



The mourning Dove does oft complain.



The Ship doth cross the foaming main.



The Sportsman points towards the mark.



The Hawk destroys the pretty Lark.



The Fish does in the river play.



The Fox conveys the Goose away.



The Cat destroys the fats and mice.



Thy Tutor gives thee good advice.



The pretty Lambs do skip and play:



While Hugh and Hetty make the hay.



The Lark doth rise at early dawn.



The Dog pursues the Deer and Fawn.



The naughty Boy that steals the pears,



Is whipt, as well as he that swears.



The Bible is the best of Books.



Good Boys and Girls have modest looks.



The Rose doth in the garden grow.



The Huntsman doth his trumpet blow.



The Sand runs swiftly through the Glass,



And swiftly we through time do pass.



The blushing Flowers bloom in the spring.



The birds do in the bushes sing.



The Mole works darkly under ground.



The Boy doth whip his Top around.



The Boys they chase their Hoops with speed;



While Lucy doth her Chickens feed.

Beasts, Birds, and Fishes.

THE Dog will come when he is call'd, The Cat will walk away, The Monkey's cheek is very bald, The Goat is fond of play.

The Parrot is a prate-a-pace,
Yet knows not what she says;
The noble Horse will run the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,

The Wolf would tear you in a trice, The Buzzard's eye is shut.

The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet on the tree;
The Swan he has a breast so fair,
And who so proud as he?

O yes, the Peacock is more proud, His feathers look like eyes. The Lion roars so very loud, He fills you with surprise.

The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or rather raven gray;
The Camel's bunch is on his back.
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,

The Elephant is wise,

The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries.

The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The useful Cow is meek,

The Beaver builds with mud and sticks, The Lapwing loves to squeak. The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less:
The Lady-bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.

The Pelican she loves her young,
The Stork his father loves:
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The spotted Tiger's fond of blood, The Pigeons feed on peas, The Duck, will waddle in the mud, The Mice will eat your cheese.

A Lobster's black, when boil'd he's red, The harmless Lamb must bleed, The Codfish has a clumsy head, The Goose on grass will feed. The Lady in her gown of silk,

The little Worm may thank,

The sick Man drinks the healing milk,

The Weasel's long and lank.

The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil;
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale he gives us oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest night, With brightness in his tail; The Turtle is the cit's delight,

It wears a coat of mail.

In Germany they hunt the Boar;
The Bee brings honey home,
The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak
The Plaice has orange spots;
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak,
The Ostrich walks and trots.

The Child that does not these things know
May yet be thought a dunce;
But I will up in knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once.

ADELAIDE.







